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# IN MEMORIAM F. Б. Б. 

Obit mdecexxxiiii
Strong Son of God, ímmortal L.ove, uhbom we, that have not seen thy face, By faith, and faith alone, embrace, Believing where we cannot prove;

Chine are these orbs of light and shade; Chou madest Lífe ín man and brute;
Chou madest Death; and lo, thy foot Is on the skull which thou bast made.

Chou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Chou madest man, he knows not whys De thinks be was not made to die; Fnd thou hast made bim: thou art just.

## IN MEMORIHM

Chou seemest buman and divine,
Che bigbest, boliest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not bow; Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems bave theír day;
Chey bave their day and cease to be:
Chey are but broken lights of thee, Find thou, O Lord, art more than they.

Kle bave but faith: we cannot know; for knowledge is of things we see;
Find yet we trust it comes from thee,月 beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more, But more of reverence in us dwell; Chat mind and soul, according well, May make one music as before,

## IN MEMORIHM

But vaster. KMe are fools and slight; ule mock thee when we do not fear:
But belp thy foolish ones to bear; Welp thy vain worlds to bear thy light.
forgive what seem'd my sin in me;
Uubat seem'd my worth since I began;
for merit lives from man to man, Fnd not from man, O L.ord, to thee.
forgive my grief for one removed,
Chy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust be lives in thee, and there I find bim worthier to be loved.
forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
forgive them where they fail in trutb, Fnd in thy wisdom make me wise.

## IN MEMORIHM

## I

I beld it truth, with bim who sings Co one clear harp in divers tones, Chat men may rise on stepping-stones Of their dead selves to bigher things.

But who shall so forecast the years Fnd find in loss a gain to match? Or reach a band thro' time to catch Che far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd, Let darkness keep ber raven gloss: Hb, sweeter to be drunk with loss, Co dance with death, to beat the ground,

Chan that the victor Dours should scorn Che long result of love, and boast, 'Behold the man that loved and lost, But all be was is overworn.'

## IN MEMORIHM

## II

Old Yew, which graspest at the stones Chat name the under-lying dead, Chy fibres net the dreamless bead, Chy roots are wrapt about the bones.

Che seasons bring the flower again, Find bring the firstling to the flock; And in the dusk of thee; the clock Beats out the little lives of men.

O not for thee the glow, the bloom, uabo changest not in any gale, Nor branding summer suns avail Co touch thy thousand years of gloom:

And gazing on thee, sullen tree, Sick for thy stubborn hardihood, I seem to fail from out my blood And grow incorporate into thee.

## IN MEMORIHM

III
O Sorrow, cruel fellowship,
O Driestess in the vaults of Death,
O sweet and bitter in a breath, What whispers from thy lying lip?
'Che stars,' she whispers, 'blindly run;
H web is wov'n across the sky;
from out waste places comes a cry, Fnd murmurs from the dying sun:
'And all the phantom, Nature, stands-
《lith all the music in ber tone, H bollow echo of my own,H bollow form with empty hands.'

And sball I take a thing so blind,
Embrace ber as my natural good;
Or crusb ber, like a vice of blood, Upon the threshold of the mind?

## IN MEMORIHM

## IV

Co Sleep I give my powers away;
My will is bondsman to the dark;
I sit within a belmless bark, And with my beart I muse and say:

O beart, how fares it with thee now, Chat thou should'st fail from thy desire, Cubo scarcely darest to inquire, '(abat is it makes me beat so low?'

Something it is which thou bast lost, Some pleasure from thine early years. Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears, Chat grief bath shaken into frost!

Such clouds of nameless trouble cross
Hll night below the darken'd eyes;
With morning wakes the will, and cries, 'Chou shalt not be the fool of loss.'

## IN MEMORIHM

## v

I sometimes bold it balf a sin
Co put in words the grief I feel;
for words, like Nature, balf reveal Find half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet beart and brain,月 use in measured language lies; Cbe sad mechanic exercise, Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er, Like coarsest clothes against the cold: But that large grief which these enfold Is given in outline and no more.

## VI

One writes, that 'Other friends remain,'
Chat 'Loss is common to the race'-
And common is the commonplace, Hnd vacant chaff well meant for grain.

## IN MEMORIHM

Chat loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more:
Coo common! Never morning wore Co evening, but some beart did break.

O father, wheresoe'er thou be,《abo pledgest now thy gallant son;
H shot, ere half thy draught be done, நath still'd the life that beat from thee.

O mother, praying God will save
Chy sailor,-while thy bead is bow'd,
Bis beavy-shotted hammock-sbroud Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

Ye know no more than I who wrought
Ht that last bour to please bim well;
cubo mused on all I had to tell, And something written, something thought;

## IN MEMORIHM

Expecting still his advent bome;
Fnd ever met him on his way
CMith wishes, thinking, 'bere to-day,' Or 'bere to-morrow will be come.'

O somewhere, meek, unconscious dove, Chat sittest ranging golden hair;
And glad to find theself so fair, poor child, that waitest for thy love!
for now ber father's chimney glows
In expectation of a guest;
Hnd thinking 'this will please bim best,' She takes a riband or a rose;
for be will see them on to-night;
Fnd with the thougbt ber colour burns;
Hnd, baving left the glass, she turns Once more to set a ringlet right;

## IN MEMORIAM

Hnd, even when she turn'd, the curse Dad fallen, and ber future Lord CWas drown'd in passing thro' the ford, Or kill'd in falling from bis horse.

O what to her shall be the end?
Fnd what to me remains of good?
Co ber, perpetual maidenhood, Hnd unto me no second friend.

## VII

Dark house, by which once more I stand
Bere in the long unlovely street, Doors, where my beart was used to beat So quickly, waiting for a band,

H band that can be clasp'd no more-
Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
Hnd like a guilty thing I creep Ht earliest morning to the door.

## IN MEMORIAM

We is not bere; but far away
Che noise of life begins again, And ghastly thro' the drizzling raín On the bald street breaks the blank day.

## VIII

H happy lover who bas come
Co look on ber that loves bim well,《ubo 'lights and rings the gateway bell, Hnd learns ber gone and far from bome;

Бe saddens, all the magic light
Dies off at once from bower and ball,
Fnd all the place is dark, and all Cbe chambers emptied of delight :

So fínd I every pleasant spot
In which we two were wont to meet,
Che field, the chamber and the street, for all is dark where thou art not.

## IN MEMORIAM

Yet as that other, wandering there In those deserted walks, may find $H$ flower beat with rain and wind, Cabich once she foster'd up with care;

So seems it in my deep regret, O my forsaken beart, with thee And this poor flower of poesy《ubich little cared for fades not yet.

But sínce it pleased a vanish'd eye, I go to plant it on bis tomb, Chat if it can it there may bloom, Or dying, there at least may die.

## IX

fair ship, that from the Italian shore Sailest the placid ocean-plains Glith my lost Hrthur's loved remains, spread thy full wings, and waft bim o'er.

## IN MEMORIAM

So draw him bome to those that mourn In vain; a favourable speed
Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, and lead Cbro' prosperous floods bis boly urn.

Hll night no ruder air perplex
Chy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright Hs our pure love, thro' early light Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

Sphere all your lights around, above;
Sleep, gentle beavens, before the prow;
Sleep, gentle winds, as be sleeps now, My friend, the brother of my love;

My Hrthur, whom I shall not see
Cill all my widow'd race be run;
Dear as the mother to the son, More than $m y$ brothers are to me.


## IN MEMORIHM

## $x$

I bear the noise about thy keel;
I bear the bell struck in the night:
I see the cabin-window bright;
I see the sailor at the wheel.

Chou bring'st the sailor to his wife,
And travell'd men from foreign lands;
Find letters unto trembling bands; Fnd, thy dark freight, a vanisb'd life.

So bring him: we bave idle dreams:
Chis look of quiet flatters thus
Our home-bred fancies: O to us,
Che fools of habit, sweeter seems

Co rest beneath the clover sod,
Chat takes the sunsbine and the rains, Or where the kneeling bamlet drains Che chalice of the grapes of God;

## IN MEMORIAM

Cban if with thee the roaring wells
Should gulf him fathom-deep in brine;
Hnd bands so often clasp'd in mine, Sbould toss with tangle and with shells.

## XI

Calm is the morn without a sound, Calm as to suit a calmer grief, Hnd only thro' the faded leaf Che chestnut pattering to the ground:

Calm and deep peace on this bigh wold,
Find on these dews that drench the furze, Fnd all the silvery gossamers Chat twinkle into green and gold:

Calm and still light on yon great plaín
Chat sweeps with all its autumn bowers, And crowded farms and lessening towers, Co mingle with the bounding main:

## IN MEMORIHM

Calm and deep peace in this wide air, Chese leaves that redden to the fall; And in my beart, if calm at all, If any calm, a calm despair :

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep, Hnd waves that sway themselves in rest, And dead calm in that noble breast uabich beaves but with the beaving deep.

## XII

Lo, as a dove when up she springs
Co bear thro' Deaven a tale of woe, Some dolorous message knit below Che wild pulsation of ber wings;

Like ber I go; I cannot stay;
I leave this mortal ark behind,
A weight of nerves without a mind, Rind leave the cliffs, and baste away

## IN MEMORIHM

O'er ocean-mírrors rounded large,
Hnd reach the glow of southern skies, Fnd see the sails at distance rise, And linger weeping on the marge,

And saying; 'Comes be thus, my friend?
Is this the end of all my care?'
And circle moaning in the air:
'Is this the end? Is this the end?'

Fnd forward dart again, and play
Hbout the prow, and back return
Co where the body sits, and learn
Chat I bave been an bour away.

## XIIII

Cears of the widower, when be sees
月 late-lost form that sleep reveals,
Hnd moves his doubtful arms, and feels
Wer place is empty, fall like these;

## IN MEMORIAM

Kuhich weep a loss for ever new, H woid where beart on beart reposed; And, where warm bands bave prest and closed, Sílence, till I be sílent too.

Cabich weep the comrade of my choice, An awful thought, a life removed, Cbe buman-bearted man I loved, A Spirit, not a breathing poice.

Come Címe, and teach me, many years,
I do not suffer in a dream;
for now so strange do these things seem, Mine eyes bave leisure for their tears;

My fancies time to rise on wing,
And glance about the approaching sails, As tho' they brought but merchant's bales,
Fnd not the burthen that they bring.

## IN MEMORIHM

## XIV

If one should bring me this report, Cbat thou badst touch'd the land to-day, Fnd I went down unto the quay, Find found thee lying in the port;

Fnd standing, muffled round with woe, Should see thy passengers in rank Come stepping ligbtly down the plank, Fnd beckoning unto those they know;

Fnd if along with these should come
Che man I beld as balf-divine;
Sbould strike a sudden band in míne, Fnd ask a thousand things of bome;

Fnd I sbould tell bim all my pain,
And how my life had droop'd of late,
Fnd be should sorrow o'er my state And marvel what possess'd my brain;

## IN MEMORIAM

Hnd I perceived no touch of change, No bint of death in all bis frame, But found him all in all the same, I should not feel it to be strange.

XV
Co-night the winds begin to rise
Find roar from yonder dropping day:
Che last red leaf is whirl'd away,
Che rooks are blown about the skies;

Che forest crack'd, the waters curl'd, Che cattle buddled on the lea; And wildly dasb'd on tower and tree Che sunbeam strikes along the world:

Hnd but for fancies, which aver Chat all thy motions gently pass Hthwart a plane of molten glass, I scarce could brook the strain and stir

## IN MEMORIAM

Chat makes the barren branches loud; Fnd but for fear it is not so, Che wild unrest that lives in woe Mould dote and pore on yonder cloud

Chat rises upward always bigher, And onward drags a labouring breast, Fnd topples round the dreary west, H looming bastion fringed with fire.

XVI
Kabat words are these bave fall'n from me?
Can calm despaír and wíld unrest
Be tenants of a single breast,
Or sorrow such a changeling be?

Or doth she only seem to take
Che touch of change in calm or storm;
But knows no more of transient form
In ber deep self, than some dead take

## IN MEMORIAM

Cbat bolds the shadow of a lark
Wung in the shadow of a beaven?
Or has the shock, so harshly given, Confused me like the unbappy bark

Chat strikes by night a craggy shelf, And staggers blindty ere sbe sínk?
Hnd stunn'd me from $m y$ power to think And all my knowledge of myself;

And made me that delirious man <ubose fancy fuses old and new, Find flashes into false and true, And mingles all without a plan?

XVII
Chou comest, much wept for: such a breeze
Compell'd thy canvas, and my prayer
<Mas as the whisper of an air
Co breathe thee over lonely seas.

## IN MEMORIHM

for I in spirit saw thee move
Cbro' circles of the bounding sky,
uleek after week; the days go by:
Come quick, thou bringest all I, love.

Бenceforth, wherever thou may'st roam, My blessing, like a line of ligbt,
Is on the waters day and night, Fnd like a beacon guards thee bome.

So may whatever tempest mars
Mid-ocean, spare thee, sacred bark;
Hnd balmy drops in summer dark Slide from the bosom of the stars.

So kind an office bath been done, Such precious relics brought by thee;
Che dust of him I shall not see
Cill all my widow'd race be run.

## IN MEMORIAM

## XVIII

'Cis well; 'tis something; we may stand Cubere be in English earth is laid, Hnd from bis ashes may be made Che violet of bis native land.
'Cis little; but it looks in truth Hs if the quiet bones were blest Hmong familiar names to rest Hnd in the places of bis youth.

Come then, pure hands, and bear the bead Chat sleeps or wears the mask of sleep, And come, whatever loves to weep, Hnd bear the ritual of the dead.

Hb yet, ev'n yet, if this might be,
I, falling on bis faitbful beart,
Cuould breathing thro' his lips impart Che life that almost dies in me;

## IN MEMORIHM

Chat dies not, but endures with pain,
And slowly forms the firmer mind, Creasuring the look it cannot find, Che words that are not beard again.

Che Danube to the Severn gave
Cbe darken'd beart that beat no more; Chey laid him by the pleasant shore, Fnd in the bearing of the wave.

Chere twice a day the Severn fills;
Che salt sea-water passes by, And busbes balf the babbling 《aye, Fnd makes a silence in the bills.

Che Kaye is bush'd nor moved along,
And busb'd my deepest grief of all,
uaben fill'd with tears that cannot fall, I, brim with sorrow drowning song.

## IN MEMORIHM

Che tide flows down, the wave again
Is vocal in its wooded walls;
My deeper anguish also falls, Find I can speak a little then.
$\boldsymbol{x x}$
Che lesser griefs that may be said, Chat breathe a thousand tender vows, Hre but as servants in a bouse《ubere lies the master newly dead;

KHho speak their feeling as it is,
And weep the fullness from the mind:
'It will be bard,' they say, 'to find Hnother service such as this.'

My lighter moods are like to these,
Chat out of words a comfort win;
But there are other griefs within,
Fnd tears that at their fountain freeze;

## IN MEMORIHM

for by the bearth the children sit Cold in that atmosphere of Death, And scarce endure to draw the breath, Or like to noiseless phantoms flit:

But open converse is there none, So much the vital spirits sink
Co see the vacant chair, and think, 'how good! how kind! and be is gone.' XXI

I sing to him that rests below, And, since the grasses round me wave
I take the grasses of the grave, And make them pipes whereon to blow.

Che traveller hears me now and then, And sometimes barsbly will be speak: ${ }^{4}$ Chis fellow would make weakness weak,
Hnd melt the waxen bearts of men.'

## IN MEMORIAM

Rnother answers, 'Leet bim be, $\overline{\mathrm{h}}$ loves to make parade of pain, Chat with bis piping be may gain Che praise that comes to constancy.'

H third is wroth: 'Is this an hour for private sorrow's barren song,
cuben more and more the people throng Che chairs and thrones of civil power?
> 'H time to sicken and to swoon,
> Kathen Science reaches forth ber arms
> Co feel from world to world, and charms

Бer secret from the latest moon?'

Behold, ye speak an idle thing:
Ye never knew the sacred dust:
I do but síng because I must, And pípe but as the línnets sing :

## IN MEMORIAM

Fnd one is glad; ber note is gay, for now ber little ones bave ranged; Fnd one is sad; ber note is changed, Because ber brood is stol'n away.

XXII
Che path by which we twain did go, <abich led by tracts that pleased us well, Cbro' four sweet years arose and fell, from flower to flower, from snow to snow:

Hnd we with singing cheer'd the way,
And, crown'd with all the season lent, from Hpril on to Hpril went, Hnd glad at beart from May to May:

But where the path we walk'd began Co slant the fifth autumnal slope, Hs we descended following Bope, Chere sat the Shadow fear'd of man;

But where the path we walked began
Co slant the fifth
autumnal slope He we descended following 5ope Chere sat the Shadow fear'd of man
Cabo broke our fair companionship.
Fnd spread his mantle dark and cold, And wrapt thee formleas in the fold,
Find dulled the murmur on thy lip.

And bore thee where I could not see Nor follow, tho I walk in baste. Find think that $\theta 0$ mewhere in the wate Che Shadow sits and waito for me.

## IN MEMORIRM

Zaho broke our fair companionshíp, And spread bis mantle dark and cold, Hnd wrapt thee formless in the fold, Fnd dull'd the murmur on thy lip,

Hnd bore thee where I could not see Nor follow, tho' I walk in baste, Fnd think, that somewhere in the waste Che Shadow sits and waits for me.

## XXIII

Now, sometimes in my sorrow shut,
Or breaking into song by fíts,
Hlone, alone, to where be sits,
Che Shadow cloak'd from bead to foot,

Uho keeps the keys of all the creeds,
I wander, often falling lame, And looking back to whence I came, Or on to where the pathway leads;

## IN MEMORIHM

And crying, now changed from where it ran Chro' lands where not a leaf was dumb, But all the lavish bitls would bum Che murmur of a happy Dan:

Cahen each by turns was guide to each, Fnd fancy light from fancy caught, Fnd Chought leaped out to wed with Chought
Ere Chought could wed itself wíth Speech;

Hnd all we met was fair and good, Fnd all was good that Címe could bríng, Fnd all the secret of the Spring Moved in the chambers of the blood;

And many an old philosophy
On Argive beights divinely sang,
Fnd round us all the thicket rang
Co many a flute of Arcady.

## IN MEMORIHM

## XXIV

And was the day of my delight
Hs pure and perfect as I say?
Che very source and fount of Day
Is dasb'd with wandering isles of nigbt.

If all was good and fair we met, Chis earth had been the Paradise It never look'd to human eyes Since our first Sun arose and set.

And is it that the baze of grief
Makes former gladness loom so great?
Che lowness of the present state, Chat sets the past in this relief?

Or that the past will always win
H glory from its being far;
Find orb into the perfect star une saw not, when we moved therein?

## IN MEMORIHM

## $\boldsymbol{X X V}$

I know that this was Life,-the track ubereon with equal feet we fared; Fnd then, as now, the day prepared Che daily burden for the back.

But this it was that made me move Hs ligbt as carrier-birds in air; I loved the weight I had to bear, Because it needed help of Love:

Nor could I weary, heart or límb,《uben mighty Love would cleave in twain
Che lading of a single pain, Fnd part it, giving half to him.

## XXVI

Still onward winds the dreary way;
I. with it; for I, long to prove

No lapse of moons can canker Love,《batever fickle tongues may say.

## IN MEMORIHM

And if that eye which watches guilt And goodness, and bath power to see Within the green the moulder'd tree, Find towers fall'n as soon as built-

Oh, if indeed that eye foresee Or see (in Fim is no before)
In more of life true life no more Hnd Love the indifference to be,

Chen might I find, ere yet the morn
Breaks bither over Indian seas,
Chat Shadow waiting with the keys, Co shroud me from my proper scorn.

XXVII
I envy not in any moods
Che captive void of noble rage,
Che linnet born within the cage, Chat never knew the summer woods:

## IN MEMORIHM

I envy not the beast that takes
Bis licence in the field of time, Unfetter'd by the sense of crime, Co whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
Che beart that never plighted troth
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth; Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Cis better' to have loved and lost Chan never to bave loved at all.

## XXVIII

Che time draws near the birth of Cbrist:
Che moon is bid; the night is still;
Che Christmas bells from bill to bill Hnswer each other in the mist.

## IN MEMORIHM

four voices of four bamlets round, from far and near, on mead and moor, Swell out and fail, as if a door Uuere sbut between me and the sound:

Each voice four changes on the wind, Chat now dilate, and now decrease, peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace, peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

Chis year I slept and woke with pain, I almost wish'd no more to wake, And that my hold on life would break Before I beard those bells again:

But they my troubled spirít rule, for they controll'd me when a boy; Chey bring me sorrow touched with joy, Che merry merry bells of Yule.

## IN MEMORIHM

## XXIX

With such compelling cause to grieve Hs daily vexes bousebold peace, And chains regret to his decease, Dow dare we keep our Christmas-eve;
<ubich brings no more a welcome guest
Co enrich the threshold of the night
<uith shower'd largess of delight
In dance and song and game and jest?

Yet go, and while the bolly boughs
Entwine the cold baptismal font,
Make one wreath more for Use and Ulont,
Chat guard the portals of the bouse;

Old sisters of a day gone by,
Gray nurses, loving nothing new;
uaby should they miss their yearly due Before their time? Chey too will die.

## IN MEMORIHM

x $x \chi$
©uith trembling fingers did we weave
Che bolly round the Cbristmas bearth;
H rainy cloud possess'd the earth,
Hnd sadly fell our Cbristmas-eve.

Ht our old pastimes in the hall
Uue gamboll'd, making vain pretence
Of gladness, with an awful sense
Of one mute Shadow watching all.

Cue paused: the winds were in the beech:
<ue beard them sweep the winter land;
Hnd in a circle band-in-band
Sat sílent, looking each at each.

Chen echo-like our voices rang;
<ue sung, tho' every eye was dim, H merry song we sang with bim
Last year: impetuously we sang :

## IN MEMORIHM

## OMe ceased: a gentler feeling crept

 Upon us: surely rest is meet: 'Chey rest', we said, 'their sleep is sweet,'Fnd silence follow'd, and we wept.

Our voices took a bigher range; Once more we sang: "Chey do not die Nor lose their mortal sympathy, Nor change to us, althougb they change;
'Rapt from the fickle and the frail With gather'd power, yet the same, Dierces the keen seraphic flame from orb to orb, from weil to veil.'

Rise, bappy morn, rise, boly morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night:
O father, touch the east, and light
Cbe light that shone when hope was born.

## IN MEMORIHM

$\boldsymbol{x} \boldsymbol{X X I}$
Khen Lazarus left his charnel-cave, Hnd bome to Mary's bouse return'd, Was this demanded-if be yearn'd Co bear ber weeping by his grave?
'rabere wert thou, brother, those four days?'
Chere lives no record of reply,
Ubich telling what it is to die
Bad surely added praise to praise.
from every bouse the neigbbours met,
Che streets were fill'd with joyful sound, H solemn gladness ever crown'd Che purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Cbrist!
Che rest remaineth unreveal'd;
De told it not; or something seal'd
Che lips of that Evangelist.

## IN MEMORIHM

## XXXII

Wer eyes are bomes of silent prayer, Nor other thougbts ber mind admits But, be was dead, and there be sits, And be that brought him back is there.

Chen one deep love doth supersede Hll other, when ber ardent gaze Roves from the living brother's face, Find rests upon the Life indeed.

Hll subtle thought, all curious fears, Borne down by gladness so complete, She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet Uith costly spikenard and with tears.

Chrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers, Cubose loves in bigber love endure;《uhat souls possess themselves 80 pure, Or is there blessedness like theirs?

## IN MEMORIAM

## XXXIII

$O$ thou that after toil and storm
Mayst seem to have reach'd a purer air',
culbose faith has centre everywhere, Nor cares to fix itself to form,

Leave thou thy sister when she prays,
Пer early Пeaven, her happy views;
Nor thou with shadow'd bint confuse H life that leads melodious days.

Ber faith thro form is pure as thine,
Wer hands are quicker unto good:
Ob, sacred be the flesb and blood Co which she links a truth divine!

See thou, that countest reason ripe
In bolding by the law within, Chou fail not in a world of sin, And ev'n for want of such a type.

## IN MEMORIAM

## XXXIV

My own dim life should teach me this, Chat life sbould live for evermore, Else earth is darkness at the core, Fnd dust and asbes all that is;

Chis round of green, this orb of flame, fantastic beauty; such as lurks In some wild poet, when be works Kuithout a conscience or an aim.

Cabat then were God to such as I ?
'Cwere bardly worth my while to choose
Of things all mortal, or to use
H little patience ere I die;
'Cwere best at once to sink to peace,
Like birds the charming serpent draws, Co drop head-foremost in the jaws Of vacant darkness and to cease.

## IN MEMORIHM

## $x \times x y$

Yet if some voice that man could trust Should murmur from the narrow house, 'Che cheeks drop in; the body bows;
Man dies: nor is there hope in dust?'

Might I not say? 'Yet even bere, But for one hour, O Love, I strive
Co keep so sweet a thing alive:'
But I should turn mine ears and bear

Cbe moanings of the homeless sea,
Che sound of streams that swift or slow
Draw down 円Eonian bills, and sow
Che dust of continents to be;

Fnd Love would answer with a sigh, 'Che sound of that forgetful shore
Kill change my sweetness more and more,
Dalf-dead to know that I shall die.'

## IN MEMORIHM

O me, what profits it to put Hn idle case? If Death were seen Ht first as Death, Love bad not been, Or been in narrowest working shut,

Mere fellowship of sluggish moods,
Or in his coarsest Satyr-shape
Fad bruised the berb and crush'd the grape,
And bask'd and batten'd in the woods.
XXXVI
Cho' truths in manbood darkly joín
Deep-seated in our mystic frame,
Cue yield all blessing to the name Of Bim that made them current coin;
for Misdom dealt with mortal powers, cubere truth in closest words shall fail, cuben truth embodied in a tale Sball enter in at lowly doors.

## IN MEMORIHM

Fnd so the Clord had breath, and wrought (uith buman bands the creed of creeds In loveliness of perfect deeds, More strong than all poetic thought;

Cubich be may read that binds the sheaf, Or builds the bouse, or digs the grave, Hnd those wild eyes that watch the wave In roarings round the coral reef.

## $\chi X X V I I$

Uranía speaks with darken'd brow:
'Chou pratest bere where thou art least; Chis faith bas many a purer priest, Fnd many an abler voice than thou.
'Go down beside thy native rill,
On thy Darnassus set thy feet, And bear thy laurel whisper sweet About the ledges of the bill.'

## IN MEMORIHM

And my Melpomene replies,
H touch of shame upon ber cheek;
'I am not worthy ev'n to speak
Of thy prevailing mysteries;
'for I am but an earthly Muse,
Fnd owning but a little art
Co lull with song an aching beart, Find render buman love his dues;
'But brooding on the dear one dead, Fnd all be said of things divine,
(Hnd dear to me as sacred wine Co dying lips is all be said),
'I murmur'd, as I came along, Of comfort clasp'd in truth reveal'd; Hnd loiter'd in the master's field, And darken'd sanctities with song.'

## IN MEMORIHM

## XXXVIII

Clith weary steps I loiter on,
Cho' always under alter'd skies
Che purple from the distance dies, My prospect and borizon gone.

No joy the blowing season gives, Che berald melodies of spring,
But in the songs I love to sing H doubtful gleam of solace lives.

If any care for what is bere
Survive in spirits render'd free,
Chen are these songs I sing of thee Not all ungrateful to thine ear.

## $\boldsymbol{X X X I X}$

Old warder of these buried bones,
And answering now my random stroke Klith fruitful cloud and living smoke, Dark yew; that graspest at the stones

## IN MEMORIAM

Fnd dippest toward the dreamless bead, Co thee too comes the golden bour <uben flower is feeling after flower; But Sorrow-fixt upon the dead,

Fnd darkening the dark graves of men,<ubat whisper'd from ber lying lips:
Chy gloom is kindled at the tips, Fnd passes into gloom again.
XI.

Could we forget the widow'd hour
And look on Spirits breathed away, Hs on a maiden in the day Kaben first sbe wears ber orange-flower !

KUben crown'd with blessing she doth rise Co take ber latest leave from bome, Hnd bopes and ligbt regrets that come Make April of her tender eyes;

## IN MEMORIAM

And doubtful joys the father move, And tears are on the mother's face, Hs parting with a long embrace She enters other realms of love;

Wer office there to rear, to teach, Becoming as is meet and fit H link among the days, to knit
Cbe generations each with each;

Hnd, doubtless, unto thee is given
H life that bears ímmortal fruit
In those great offices that suit Che full-grown energies of beaven.

Hy me, the difference I discern!
Dow often shall ber old fireside
Be cheer'd with tidings of the bride, Dow often she herself return,

## IN MEMORIAM

Fnd tell them all they would bave told, And bring ber babe, and make ber boast, Cill even those that miss'd her most Sball count new things as dear as old:

But thou and I bave shaken bands, Cill growing winters lay me low; My paths are in the fields I. know, Fnd thine in undiscover'd lands.

XLI
Chy spirit ere our fatal loss
Did ever rise from bigh to higher; Hs mounts the heavenward altar-fire, Hs flies the lighter thro' the gross.

But thou art turn'd to something strange,
And I bave lost the links that bound
Chy changes; bere upon the ground, No more partaker of thy change.


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## IN MEMORIAM

Deep folly! yet that this could be-

Chat I could wing my will with might
Co leap the grades of life and light, And flash at once, my friend, to thee.
for tho' my nature rarely yields
Co that vague fear implied in death;
Nor sbudders at the gulfs beneath, Che howlings from forgotten fields;

Yet oft when sundown skirts the moor
Hn inner trouble I bebold,
H spectral doubt which makes me cold, Chat I shall be thy mate no more,

Cho' following with an upward mind Che wonders that bave come to thee, Cbro' all the secular to-be, But evermore a life bebind.

## IN MEMORIHM

## XLIII

I vex my beart with fancies dim:
We still outstript me in the race;
It was but unity of place
Chat made me dream I rank'd with bim.

And so may Place retain us still, Hnd be the mucb-beloved again,
H lord of large experience, train Co riper growth the mind and will:

Hnd what delights can equal those
Chat stir the spirit's inner deeps,
Kubn one that loves but knows not, reaps
H truth from one that loves and knows?
XLIII
If Sleep and Death be truly one, Hnd every spirit's folded bloom Cbro' all its intervital gloom
In some long trance should slumber on;

## IN MEMORIAM

Unconscious of the sliding hour, Bare of the body, might it last, And silent traces of the past Be all the colour of the flower:

So then were nothing lost to man; So that still garden of the souls In many a figured leaf enrolls Che total world since life began;

And love will last as pure and whole Hs when be loved me bere in Cime, Find at the spiritual prime Rewaken with the dawning soul.

XLIV
Dow fares it with the bappy dead ?
for bere the man is more and more;
But be forgets the days before God shut the doormays of his bead.

## IN MEMORIHM

Che days bave vanish'd, tone and tint, And yet perhaps the boarding sense Gives out at times (be knows not whence) A little flash, a mystic bint;

Fnd in the long barmonious years (If Death so taste ILethean springs),
May some dim touch of earthly things Surprise thee ranging with thy peers.

If such a dreamy touch should fall,
O turn thee round, resolve the doubt;
My guardian angel will speak out In that bigh place, and tell thee all.

XL $V$
Che baby new to earth and sky,
Cuhat time bis tender palm is prest
Hgainst the circle of the breast,
Das never thought that 'this is I:'

## IN MEMORIHM

But as be grows be gathers much, Hnd learns the use of 'I,' and 'me,' Hnd finds 'I am not what I see, Fnd other than the things I touch.'

So rounds be to a separate mind
from whence clear memory may begin, Hs thro' the frame that binds him in Fis isolation grows defined.

Chis use may lie in blood and breath,
Uubich else were fruitless of their due, Dad man to learn bimself anew Beyond the second birth of Death.

## XLVI

KMe ranging down this lower track,
Che path we came by, thorn and flower,
Is shadow'd by the growing bour, Lest life should faíl in looking back.

## IN MEMORLAM

So be it: there no shade can last
In that deep dawn bebind the tomb, But clear from marge to marge shall bloom
Che eternal landscape of the past;

月 lifelong tract of time reveal'd;
Che fruitful bours of still increase;
Days order'd in a wealthy peace,
Fnd those five years its richest field.

O Love, thy province were not large,
A bounded field, nor stretching far;
Look also, Love, a brooding star,
H rosy warmth from marge to marge.

## XLVII

Chat each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move bis rounds, and fusing all
Che skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general Soul,

## IN MEMORIAM

Is faith as vague as all unsweet: Eternal form shall still divide
Che eternal soul from all beside; Hnd I shall know him when we meet :

Hnd we shall sit at endless feast, Enjoying each the other's good:
CWhat vaster dream can bit the mood Of Love on earth? De seeks at least

Upon the last and sharpest beight,
Before the spirits fade away,
Some landing-place, to clasp and say, 'farewell! <ue lose ourselves in light.'

## XLVIII

If these brief lays, of Sorrow born, Klere taken to be such as closed Grave doubts and answers bere proposed,
Chen these were such as men might scom:

## IN MEMORIHM

Wer care is not to part and prove;
She takes, when barsher moods remit, cabat slender shade of doubt may flit, Fnd makes it vassal unto love:

Hnd bence, indeed, she sports with words,
But better serves a wholesome law,
Hnd bolds it sin and shame to draw Che deepest measure from the chords:

Nor dare she trust a larger lay,
But rather loosens from the lip Short swallow-flights of song, that dip Cheir wíngs in tears, and skím away.

xLIX

from art, from nature, from the schools,
Let random influences glance,
Like light ín many a shiver'd lance
Chat breaks about the dappled pools:

## IN MEMORIAM

Che lightest wave of thought shall lisp, Che fancy's tenderest eddy wreathe, Che slightest air of song shall breathe Co make the sullen surface crisp.

And look thy look, and go thy way
But blame not thou the winds that make
Che seeming-wanton ripple break, Che tender-pencíll'd shadow play.

Beneath all fancied bopes and fears Hy me, the sorrow deepens down, uhbose muffled motions blíndly drown Che bases of my life in tears.

L
Be near me when my light is low,
caben the blood creeps, and the nerves prick
And tingle; and the beart is sick, And all the wheels of Being slow.

## IN MEMORIHM

Be near me when the sensuous frame
Is rack'd with pangs that conquer trust; Find Cime, a maniac scattering dust, Fnd Life, a fury slinging flame.

Be near me when my faith is dry, Fnd men the flies of latter spring, Chat lay their eggs, and sting and sing Hnd weave their petty cells and die.

Be near me when I fade away,
Co point the term of buman strife, And on the low dark verge of life Che twilight of eternal day.

## LI

Do we indeed desire the dead
Sbould still be near us at our side?
Is there no baseness we would bide?
No inner vileness that we dread?

## IN MEMORIHM

And dare we to this fancy give, Chat had the wild oat not been sown Che soil, left barren, scarce had grown Che grain by which a man may live?

Or, if we beld the doctrine sound
for life outliving beats of youth,
Zet who would preach it as a truth Co those that eddy round and round?

Bold thou the good: define it well :
for fear divine Ohílosophy
Should push beyond ber mark, and be Procuress to the Lords of Dell.

LIV
Ob yet we trust that somebow good
Cuill be the final goal of ill,
Co pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

## IN MEMORIHM

Chat nothing walks with aimless feet;
Chat not one life shall be destroy'd, Or cast as rubbish to the void, aben God bath made the pile complete;

Chat not a worm is cloven in vain;
Cbat not a moth with vain desire
Is sbrivell'd in a fruitless fire, Or but subserves another's gain.

Bebold, we know not any thing;
I, can but trust that good shall fall Ht last-far off-at last, to all, Find every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
Hn infant crying for the light: Fnd with no language but a cry.

## I falter where I firmly trod,

 And falling with my weight of carceUpon the great world's altar stairs
Chat slope thro darknces up to God,

I stretch lame bands of faith, and grope, Find gather dust and chaff, and call
Co what I feel is Lord of all. Fnd faintly trust the larger hope.

## IN MEMORIAM

## L. $V$

Che wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave, Derives it not from what we bave Che likest God within the soul?

Hre God and Nature then at strife,
Chat Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems, So careless of the single life;

Cbat I, considering everywhere
Der secret meaning in ber deeds, Hnd finding that of fifty seeds She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
Fnd falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
Chat slope thro' darkness up to God

## IN MEMORIHM

I stretch lame bands of faith, and grope, Find gather dust and chaff, and call Co what I feel is L.ord of all, And faintly trust the larger hope.

LVI
'So careful of the type?' but no.
from scarped cliff and quarried stone
She cries, "H thousand types are gone:
I care for nothing, all sball go.
'Chou makest thine appeal to me:
I, bring to life, I bring to death:
Che spirit does but mean the breath: I know no more.' Hnd be, shall be,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair, Such splendid purpose in bis eyes, Cubo roll'd the psalm to wintry skies, abo built bim fanes of fruitless prayer,

## IN MEMORIHM

Cubo trusted God was love indeed Hnd love Creation's final lawCho' Nature, red in tooth and claw Ulith ravine, sbriek'd against bis creed-

Khbo loved, who suffer'd countless itls, ulio battled for the Crue, the Just, Be blown about the desert dust, Or seal'd within the iron bills?

No more? $A$ monster then, a dream, H discord. Dragons of the prime, Chat tare each other in their slime, KKere mellow music match'd with bim.

O life as futile, then, as frail!
O for $m y$ voice to soothe and bless! Ulbat hope of answer, or redress? Bebind the veil, behind the veil.

## IN MEMORIHM

## LVII

Deace; come away: the song of woe Is after all an earthly song:
Deace; come away: we do hím wrong Co síng so wíldly: let us go.

Come; let us go: your cheeks are pale; But balf my life I leave behind:
Methínks my friend is richly shrined; But I shall pass; my work will fail.

Yet in these ears, till bearing dies, One set slow bell will seem to toll Che passing of the sweetest soul Chat ever look'd with buman eyes.

I bear it now, and o'er and o'er, Eternal greetings to the dead; Hnd 'Hve, Hve, Hve,' saíd, 'Hdieu, adieu' for evermore.

## IN MEMORIHM

## IVIII

In those sad words I took farewell:
Like echoes in sepulchral balls, Hs drop by drop the water falls
In vaults and catacombs, they fell;

Fnd, falling, idly broke the peace Of hearts that beat from day to day, Walf-conscious of their dying clay, Find those cold crypts where they shall cease.

Che bigh Muse answer'd: ©aberefore grieve Chy brethren with a fruitless tear ? Hbide a little longer bere,
And thou sbalt take a nobler leave.'

## LIX

O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me
No casual mistress, but a wife, My bosom-friend and balf of life;
Hs I confess it needs must be;

## IN MEMORIAM

O Sorrow, wilt thou rule my blood, Be sometimes lovely like a bride, Fnd put thy barsher moods aside, If thou wilt have me wise and good.

My centred passion cannot move,
Nor will it lessen from to-day; But I'll bave leave at times to play Hs with the creature of my love;

And set thee forth, for thou art mine,《uith so much hope for years to come, Chat, howsoe'er I know thee, some Could bardly tell what name were thine.

## $L x$

Бe past; a soul of nobler tone:
My spirit loved and loves hím yet, Like some poor girl whose heart is set On one whose rank exceeds ber own.

## IN MEMORIAM

We mixing with his proper sphere,
She finds the baseness of ber lot,
Dalf jealous of she knows not what, Fnd envying all that meet bim there.

Che little village looks forlorn;
She sighs amid ber narrow days
Moving about the bousehold ways, In that dark bouse where she was born.

Che foolish neigbbours come and go,
And tease ber till the day draws by.
At night she weeps, 'Dow vain am I! 5ow should be love a thing so low?'

LXI
If, in thy second state sublime, Chy ransom'd reason change replies Cuith all the circle of the wise, Che perfect flower of buman time;

## IN MEMORIHM

Hnd if thou cast thine eyes below,
How dimly character'd and slight,
How dwarf'd a growth of cold and night, Бow blanch'd with darkness must I grow!

Yet turn thee to the doubtful shore,
cubere thy first form was made a man;
I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor can Che soul of Shakespeare love thee more.

## LXII

Cbo' if an eye that's downward cast
Could make thee somewhat blench or fail,
Chen be my love an ídle tale, Find fading legend of the past;

And thou, as one that once declíned, Clanen be was little more than boy, On some unworthy beart with joy, But lives to wed an equal mind;

## IN MEMORIHM

And breathes a novel world, the while Bis other passion wholly dies, Or in the light of deeper eyes Is matter for a flying smile.

LXIII
Yet pity for a borse o'er-driven,
And love in which my hound has part Can bang no weight upon my beart In its assumptions up to heaven;

Fnd I am so mucb more than these, Hs thou, perchance, art more than I, And yet I spare them sympathy, Fnd I would set their pains at ease.

So mayst thou watch me where I weep,
Hs, unto vaster motions bound,
Che circuits of thine orbit round
A higher beight, a deeper deep.

## IN MEMORIAM

## L XIV

Dost thou look back on what bath been, Hs some divinely gifted man, ubose life in low estate began Hnd on a simple village green;

《abo breaks his birth's invidious bar,
Fnd grasps the skirts of bappy chance, Fnd breasts the blows of circumstance, And grapples with his evil star;

Uabo makes by force bis merit known Fnd lives to clutch the golden keys, Co mould a mighty state's decrees, Fnd sbape the whisper of the throne;

And moving up from high to bigher, Becomes on fortune's crowning slope Che pillar of a people's bope, Che centre of a world's desire;

## IN MEMORIHM

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream, Cllben all bis active powers are still, A distant dearness in the hill, H secret sweetness in the stream,

Che limit of his narrower fate, <abile yet beside its vocal springs De play'd at counsellors and kings, <luith one that was his earliest mate;
<ubo ploughs with pain his native lea And reaps the labour of his hands, Or in the furrow musing stands; 'Does my old fríend remember me?'

## Lxy

Sweet soul, do with me as thou wilt;
I. lull a fancy trouble-tost <uith 'Love's too precious to be lost, A little grain shall not be spilt.'

## IN MEMORIHM

## Hnd in that solace can I sing,

Cíll out of painful phases wrought Chere flutters up a bappy thougbt, Self-balanced on a ligbtsome wing:

Since we deserved the name of friends, And thine effect so lives in me, H part of mine may live in thee Find move thee on to noble ends.

L XVI
You thougbt my beart too far diseased; You wonder when my fancies play Co find me gay among the gay, Like one with any trifle pleased.

Che shade by which my life was crost, unich makes a desert in the mind, Бas made me kindly with my kind, And like to him whose sight is lost;

## IN MEMORIAM

CWhose feet are guided thro' the land, unbose jest among bis friends is free, uabo takes the children on his knee, And winds their curls about bis band:

We plays with threads, be beats his chair for pastime, dreaming of the sky;
Dis ínner day can never die, Fis night of loss is always there.

## LXVII

Cuben on my bed the moonlight falls, I know that in thy place of rest
By that broad water of the west, Chere comes a glory on the walls:

Chy marble bright in dark appears,
Hs slowly steals a sitver flame Hlong the letters of thy name, And o'er the number of thy years.

## IN MEMORIAM

Che mystic glory swims away;
from off my bed the moonlight dies;
And closing eaves of wearied eyes
I sleep till dusk is dipt in grey:

Fnd then I know the mist is drawn
H lucid veil from coast to coast, Fnd in the dark church líke a ghost Chy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

## L.XVIII

Kuben in the down I sink my head,
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times my breath;
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, knows not Death, Nor can I dream of thee as dead :

I walk as ere I walk'd forlorn,
cuben all our path was fresh with dew,
And all the bugle breezes blew Reveillée to the breaking mom.

## IN MEMORIHM


#### Abstract

But what is this? I turn about, I find a trouble in thine eye, (abich makes me sad I know not why, Nor can my dream resolve the doubt:


But ere the lark bath left the lea I wake, and I discern the truth; It is the trouble of my youth Chat foolish sleep transfers to thee.

LXIX
I dream'd there would be spring no more, Cbat Nature's ancient power was lost; Che streets were black with smoke and frost,
Chey chatter'd trifles at the door:

I wander'd from the noisy town,
I found a wood with thorny boughs:
I took the thorns to bind my brows, I wore them like a civic crown :

## IN MEMORIAM

I. met with scoffs, I met with scorns from youth and babe and hoary hairs : Chey call'd me in the public squares Che fool that wears a crown of thorns:

Chey call'd me fool, they call'd me child :
I found an angel of the night;
Che voice was low, the look was bright : he look'd upon my crown and smiled:

De reach'd the glory of a band,
Chat seem'd to touch it into leaf : Che voice was not the voice of grief, Che words were bard to understand.

Lxx
I cannot see the features right, Caben on the gloom I strive to paint Che face I know; the bues are faint And mix with bollow masks of night;


## IN MEMORIHM

Cloud-towers by ghostly masons wrought, H gulf that ever shuts and gapes, H band that points, and palled shapes In shadowy thorougbfares of thought ;

Find crowds that stream from yawning doors, And shoals of pucker'd faces drive; Dark bulks that tumble balf alive, Hnd lazy lengths on boundless shores;

Cill all at once beyond the will I beard a wizard music roll, And thro' a lattice on the soul Looks thy fair face and makes it still.

I XXXI
Sleep, kinsman thou to death and trance
And madness, thou hast forged at last
H night-long Dresent of the Dast In which we went thro' summer france.

## IN MEMORIAM

## Fadst thou such credit with the soul?

Chen bring an opiate trebly strong,
Drug down the blindfold sense of wrong Chat so my pleasure may be whole;

Ubile now we talk as once we talk'd Of men and minds, the dust of change,
Cbedays that grow to something strange, In walking as of old we walk'd

Beside the river's wooded reach,
Che fortress, and the mountain ridge,
Che cataract flashing from the bridge, Che breaker breaking on the beach.

LXXII

Risest thou thus, dim dawn, again,
And bowlest, issuing out of night,
Ulith blasts that blow the poplar white,
Fnd lasb with storm the streaming pane?

## IN MEMORIAM

Day, when my crown'd estate begun
Co pine in that reverse of doom, <abich sicken'd every living bloom, Find blurr'd the splendour of the sun;

Kabo usberest in the dolorous bour
<uith thy quick tears that make the rose Pull sideways, and the daisy close Der crimson fringes to the shower;

Kubo might'st have beaved a windless flame
Up the deep East, or, whispering, play'd
H chequer-work of beam and sbade Flong the bills, yet look'd the same.

Hs wan, as chill, as wild as now;
Day, mark'd as with some bídeous críme,《aben the dark band struck down thro' time,
And cancell'd nature's best: but thou,

## IN MEMORIHM

Lift as thou may'st thy burthen'd brows Cbro' clouds that drench the morningstar, Hnd whirl the ungarner'd sbeaf afar, Fnd sow the sky with flying boughs,

Find up thy vault with roaring sound Climb thy thick noon, disastrous day;
Couch thy dull goal of joyless grey, Fnd bide thy shame beneath the ground.

## LXXIIII

So many worlds, 80 much to do,
So little done, such things to be, Dow know I what bad need of thee, for thou wert strong as thou wert true?

Che fame is quench'd that I foresaw,
Che bead bath miss'd an eartbly wreath:
I curse not nature, no, nor death; for nothing is that erres from law.

## IN MEMORIAM

Ule pass; the path that each man trod Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds: Cubat fame is left for buman deeds In endless age? It rests with God.

O hollow wraith of dying fame, fade wholly, while the soul exults, Hnd self-infolds the large results Of force that would have forged a name.

## LXXIV

Hs sometimes in a dead man's face, Co those that watch it more and more, H likeness, hardly seen before, Comes out-to some one of his race:

So, dearest, now thy brows are cold, I see thee what thou art, and know Chy likeness to the wise below, Chy kindred with the great of old.

## IN MEMORIAM

But there is more than I can see, Find what I see I leave unsaid, Nor speak it, knowing Death bas made Dis darkness beautiful with thee.

## Lxxy

I leave thy praises unexpress'd
In verse that brings myself relief,
Hnd by the measure of my grief
I leave thy greatness to be guess'd;

《ubat practice, howsoe'er expert
In fitting aptest words to things, Or voice the richest-toned that sings, Dath power to give thee as thou wert ?
I. care not in these fading days

Co raise a cry that lasts not long,
Find round thee with the breeze of song
Co stir a little dust of praise.

## IN MEMORIHM

Chy leaf has perish'd in the green, And, while we breathe beneath the sun, Che world which credits what is done Is cold to all that might bave been.

So bere shall silence guard thy fame;
But somewhere, out of buman víew,
<ubate'er thy bands are set to do
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.

LXXVI
Cake wings of fancy, and ascend,
And in a moment set thy face
Cubere all the starry beavens of space Hre sharpen'd to a needle's end;

Cake wings of foresight; lighten thro'
Che secular abyes to come,
And lo, thy deepest lays are dumb Before the mouldering of a yew;

## IN MEMORIHM

Fnd if the matin songs, that woke
Che darkness of our planet, last, Chine own shall wither in the vast, Ere balf the lifetime of an oak.

Ere these bave clothed their branchy bowers
Clith fifty Mays, thy songs are vain:
And what are they when these remain Che ruin'd shells of hollow towers?

## LXXVII

Klbat bope is bere for modern rbyme
Co bim who turns a musing eye
On songs, and deeds, and lives, that lie foresborten'd in the tract of time?

Cbese mortal tullabies of pain
May bind a book, may line a box,
May serve to curl a maiden's locks,
Or when a thousand moons shall wane

## IN MEMORIHM

A man upon a stall may find, And, passing, turn the page that tells H grief, then changed to something else, Sung by a long-forgotten mind.

But what of that? My darken'd ways Shall ring with music all the same; Co breathe my loss is more than fame, Co utter love more sweet than praise.

## LxXVIIII

Again at Christmas did we weave
Che holly round the Christmas hearth;
Che silent snow possess'd the earth, And calmly fell our Christmas-eve:

Che yule-clog sparkled keen with frost, No wing of wind the region swept,
But over all things brooding slept Che quiet sense of something lost.

## IN MEMORIAM

Hs in the winters left behind, Hgain our ancient games bad place, Che mimic picture's breathing grace, Fnd dance and song and boodman-blind.

Cubo show'd a token of distress ?
No single tear, no mark of pain:
O sorrow, then can sorrow wane? O grief, can grief be changed to less?

O last regret, regret can die!
No-mixt with all this mystic frame,
Der deep relations are the same, But with long use ber tears are dry.

## LXXIX

'More than my brothers are to me,'
Let this not vex thee, noble heart!
I know thee of what force thou art
Co hold the costliest love in fee.

## IN MEMORIHM

But thou and I are one in kind, Hs moulded líke ín Nature's mint; Fnd bill and wood and field did print Cbe same sweet forms in either mind.
for us the same cold streamlet curl'd Cbro' all bis eddying coves; the same Hll winds that roam the twilight came In whispers of the beauteous world.

Ht one dear knee we proffer'd vows, One lesson from one book we learn'd, Ere chíldhood's flaxen ringlet turn'd Co black and brown on kindred brows.

And so my wealth resembles thine, But be was rich where I was poor, And be supplied my want the more Hs his unlikeness fitted mine.

## IN MEMORIHM

L $x$ xx
If any vague desire should rise,
Chat boly Death ere Hrthur died
had moved me kindly from bis side, Fnd dropt the dust on tearless eyes;

Chen fancy shapes, as fancy can,
Che grief my loss in him had wrought.
H grief as deep as life or thought, But stay'd in peace with God and man.

I make a picture in the brain;
I bear the sentence that be speaks;
De bears the burthen of the weeks, But turns his burthen into gain.

Bis credit thus shall set me free;
Hnd, influence rich to soothe and save,
Unused example from the grave Reach out dead bands to comfort me.

## IN MEMORIHM

## L $\chi \chi X I$

Could I bave said while he was here,
'My love shall now no further range;
Chere cannot come a mellower change, for now is love mature in ear.'
L.ove, then, had hope of richer store;

Cubat end is bere to $m y$ complaint?
Chis baunting whisper makes me faint, 'More years bad made me love thee more.'

But death returns an answer sweet:
'My sudden frost was sudden gain,
Hid gave all ripeness to the grain, It might bave drawn from after-beat.'

## LxxyII

I wage not any feud with Death
for changes wrought on form and face;
No lower life that earth's embrace May breed with bim, can fright my faitb.

## IN MEMORIHM

Eternal process moving on,
from state to state the spirit walks;
Find these are but the shatter'd stalks,
Or ruin'd cbrysalis of one.

Nor blame I. Death, because be bare
Che use of virtue out of earth:
I know transplanted buman worth Will bloom to profit, otherwhere.
for this alone on Death I wreak
Che wrath that garners in my beart; நe put our lives so far apart ale cannot bear each other speak.

LXXXIII
Dip down upon the northern shore, O sweet new-year delaying long; Chou doest expectant nature wrong; Delaying long, delay no more.

Dip down upon the northern sbore, 0 oweet new-ycar delaying long; Chou doest expectant nature wrong; Delaying long, delay no more.

Cubat stays thee from the clouded noons, Chy sweetness from its proper place? Can trouble live with April daye,
Or sadnees in the summer moone?

## IN MEMORIHM

What stays thee from the clouded noons, Chy sweetness from its proper place? Can trouble live with Hpril days, Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire, Che little speedwell's darling blue, Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew, Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou, new-year, delaying long,
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
Chat longs to burst a frozen bud And flood a fresher throat with song.

## L. $X X X I V$

Uben I contemplate all alone
Che life that had been thine below, And fix my thoughts on all the glow Co which thy crescent would bave grown;

## IN MEMORIHM

I see thee sitting crown'd with good, H central warmeth diffusing bliss In glance and smile, and clasp and kiss, On all the branches of thy blood;

Chy blood, my friend, and partly mine;
for now the day was drawing on,
CWhen thou should'st link thy life with one
Of mine own bouse, and boys of thine
nad babbled 'Zncle' on my knee;
But that remorseless iron bour
Made cypress of ber orange flower, Despair of bope, and earth of thee.

I seem to meet their least desire,
Co clap their cheeks, to call them mine;
I see their unborn faces shine
Beside the never-ligbted fire.

## IN MEMORIAM

I see myself an bonour'd guest, Chy partner in the flowery walk Of letters, genial table-talk, Or deep dispute, and graceful jest;

CWhile now thy prosperous labour fills Che lips of men with bonest praise, Fnd sun by sun the happy days Descend below the golden bills

Clith promise of a morn as fair;
Hind all the train of bounteous hours Conduct by paths of growing powers, Co reverence and the silver hair;

Cill slowly worn ber earthly robe, Пer lavish mission richly wrought, Leaving great legacies of thought, Chy spirit should fail from off the globe;

## IN MEMORIHM

## Kabat time mine own might also flee, Hs link'd with thine in love and fate, Hnd, hov'ring o'er the dolorous strait

 Co the other shore, involved in thee,Arrive at last the blessed goal, Fnd $\overline{\mathrm{We}}$ that died in Woly Land caould reach us out the shining hand, And take us as a síngle soul.

Cubat reed was that on which I leant?
Hh, backward fancy, wherefore wake Che old bitterness again, and break Che low beginnings of content.

L XXXV

Chis truth came borne with bier and pall,
I felt it, when I sorrow'd most,
'Cis better to have loved and lost,
Chan never to have loved at all-

## IN MEMORIHM

0 true in word, and tried in deed, Demanding, so to bring relief, Co this which is our common grief, cubat kind of life is that I lead;

Find whether trust in things above
Be dimm'd of sorrow, or sustain'd;
Hnd whether love for him bave drain'd My capabilities of love;

Your words bave virtue such as draws
H faithful answer from the breast,
Chro' light reproaches, balf exprest Fnd loyal unto kindly laws.

My blood an even tenor kept,
Cill on mine ear this message falls, Chat in Vienna's fatal walls God's finger touch'd him, and be slept.

## IN MEMORIAM

Che great Intelligences fair Chat range above our mortal state, In circle round the blessed gate, Received and gave him welcome there;

And led bim thro' the blissful climes, Hnd sbow'd bim in the fountain fresb Hll knowledge that the sons of flesh Shall gather in the cycled times.

But I remain'd, whose bopes were dim, Cubose life, whose thoughts were little worth,
Co wander on a darken'd earth, uabere all things round me breathed of him.

O friendship, equal-poised control, O beart, with kindliest motion warm, $O$ sacred essence, other form, O solemn ghost, O crowned soul!

## IN MEMORIAM

Yet none could better know than I,
now much of act at buman bands
Che sense of buman will demands By which we dare to live or die.

Uabatever way my days decline,
I felt and feel, tho' left alone,
Dis being working in mine own, Che footsteps of his life in mine;

H life that all the Muses deck'd
<uith gifts of grace, that might express Hll-comprebensive tenderness, Hll-subtilising intellect :

Find so my passion bath not swerved
Co works of weakness, but I find
An image comforting the mind, Find in my grief a strength reserved.

## IN MEMORIAM

Likewise the imaginative woe,
Chat loved to bandle spiritual strife, Diffused the shock thro' all my life, But in the present broke the blow.

My pulses therefore beat again
for other friends that once I met;
Nor can it suit me to forget
Che mighty hopes that make us men.

I woo your love: I count it crime Co mourn for any overmuch; I, the divided balf of such
A friendship as bad master'd Címe;

Cabich masters Cime indeed, and is Eternal, separate from fears:
Che all-assuming months and years
Can take no part away from this :

## IN MEMORIAM

> But Summer on the steaming floods, Find Spring that swells the narrow brooks

Hnd Hutumn, with a noise of rooks, Chat gather in the waning woods,

Hnd every pulse of wind and wave Recalls, in change of light or gloom, My old affection of the tomb, Fnd my prime passion in the grave:

My old affection of the tomb, H part of stillness, yearns to speak; 'Hrise, and get thee forth and seek H friendship for the years to come.
'I watch thee from the quiet shore;
Chy spirít up to mine can reach;
But in dear words of human speech Cle two communicate no more.'

## IN MEMORIHM

Find I, 'Can clouds of nature stain
Che starry clearness of the free?
Wow is it? Canst thou feel for me Some painless sympathy with pain?'

And lightly does the whisper fall;
'Cis bard for thee to fathom this;
I triumph in conclusive bliss, And that serene result of all.'

So hold I commerce with the dead;
Or so methinks the dead would say;
Or so sball grief with symbols play And pining life be fancy-fed.

Now looking to some settled end,
Chat these things pass, and I shall prove
A meeting somewhere, love with love, I crave your pardon, O my friend;

## IN MEMORIHM

If not so fresh, with love as true, I, clasping brother-bands, aver I could not, if I would, transfer Che whole I felt for him to you.
for which be they that hold apart Che promise of the golden bours? first love, first friendship, equal powers, Chat marry with the virgin beart.

Still mine, that cannot but deplore, Chat beats within a lonely place, Chat yet remembers his embrace, But at his footstep leaps no more,

My beart, tho' widow'd, may not rest
Quite in the love of what is gone,
But seeks to beat in time with one Chat warms another living breast.

## IN MEMORIAM

Hb, take the imperfect gift I bring,
Knowing the primrose yet is dear,
Che primrose of the later year, Hs not unlike to that of Spring.

## LxyxyI

Sweet after showers, ambrosial air, Chat rollest from the gorgeous gloom Of evening over brake and bloom Hnd meadow, slowly breathing bare

Che round of space, and rapt below
Chro' all the dewy-tassell'd wood,
Hnd shadowing down the borned flood In ripples, fan my brows and blow

Che fever from my cheek, and sigh
Che full new life that feeds thy breath
Cbroughout my frame, till Doubt and Death, IIl bretbren, let the fancy fly

## IN MEMORIHM

from belt to belt of crímson seas
On leagues of odour streaming far,
Co where in yonder orient star A bundred spirits whisper 'Deace.'

## LXXXVII

I past beside the reverend walls
In which of old I wore the gown;
I roved at random thro' the town, And saw the tumult of the balls;

Hnd beard once more in college fanes
Che storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder-music, rolling, shake Che prophet blazon'd on the panes;

Fnd caught once more the distant shout,
Che measured pulse of racing oars
Hmong the willows; paced the shores And many a bridge, and all about

## IN MEMORIHM

## Che same gray flats again, and felt

Che same, but not the same; and last Up that long walk of limes I past Co see the rooms in which be dwelt.

Another name was on the door:
I linger'd; all within was noise
Of songs, and clapping bands, and boys Chat crash'd the glass and beat the floor;

Cubere once we beld debate, a baind Of youthful friends, on mind and art, Hnd labour, and the changing mart, Find all the framework of the land;

Cuben one would aim an arrow fair, But send it slackly from the string; Fnd one would pierce an outer ring, Fnd one an inner, bere and there;

## IN MEMORIAM

Find last the master-bowman, be, Clould cleave the mark. H willing ear Kue lent bim. <ubo, but bung to bear Cbe rapt oration flowing free
from point to point, with power and grace Find music in the bounds of law,
Co those conclusions when we saw Che god within bim light bis face,

Find seem to lift the form, and glow
In azure orbits beaventy-wise; Hnd over those ethereal eyes Cbe bar of Michael Angelo.

## LXXXVIII

《uild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet, Rings Eden thro' the budded quicks, O tell me where the senses mix, O tell me where the passions meet,

## IN MEMORIHM

Wabence radiate: fierce extremes employ Chy spirits in the darkening leaf, And in the midmost beart of grief Chy passion clasps a secret joy:

And I-My harp would prelude woeI cannot all command the strings; Che glory of the sum of things Cuill flash along the chords and go.

## L XXXIX

Clitch-elms that counterchange the floor Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright; And thou, with all thy breadth and beight
Of foliage, towering sycamore;
now often, bither wandering down, My Hrthur found your shadows fair, And shook to all the liberal air Che dust and din and steam of town:

Cuild bird, whose warble. liquid sweet. Ringe Eden thro' the budded quicke, O tell me where the sensee mix, O tell me where the passions meet, Cahence radiate; fierce extremes employ Chy spirite in the darkening leaf, Hnd in the midmost beart of Che grief
Chy passion claspe a secret joy.

Find I-my barp would prelude wos-
I cannot all command the otringe:
Che glory of the oum of thinge
CAill flash along the chorde and ge.

## IN MEMORIHM

De brought an eye for all be saw;
We mixt in all our simple sports;
Chey pleased bim, fresh from brawling courts And dusty purlieus of the law.

O joy to bim in this retreat,
Immantled in ambrosial dark,
Co drink the cooler air, and mark Che landscape winking thro' the beat:

O sound to rout the brood of cares,
Che sweep of scythe in morning dew,
Che gust that round the garden flew, Find tumbled balf the mellowing pears!

O bliss, when all in circle drawn
Hbout him, beart and ear were fed
Co bear him as be lay and read Che Cuscan poets on the lawn:

## IN MEMORIHM

Or in the all-golden afternoon
H guest, or bappy sister, sung,
Or here she brought the harp and flung A ballad to the brightening moon:

Nor less it pleased in livelier moods,
Beyond the bounding bill to stray,
And break the livelong summer day With banquet in the distant woods;

Whereat we glanced from theme to theme,
Discuss'd the books to love or bate,
Or touch'd the changes of the state, Or threaded some Socratic dream;

But if I praised the busy town,
$\bar{W}$ loved to rail against it still,
for 'ground in yonder social mill ©ue rub each other's angles down,

## IN MEMORIHM

'Hnd merge' be said 'in form and gloss Che picturesque of man and man.'《ue talk'd: the stream beneath us ran, Che wine-flask lying couch'd in moss,

Or cool'd within the glooming wave;
And last, returning from afar,
Before the crimson-circled star Dad fall'n into ber father's grave,

And brushing ankle-deep in flowers,《Ue beard bebind the woodbine veil Che milk that bubbled in the pail, And buzzings of the bonied bours.
$x \mathrm{C}$
De tasted love with half his mind, Nor ever drank the inviolate spring
cubere nigbest beaven, who first could fling
Cbis bitter seed among mankind;

## IN MEMORIAM

Chat could the dead, whose dying eyes
zaere closed with wail, resume their life, Chey would but find in child and wife An iron welcome when they rise:
'Cwas well, indeed, when warm with wine, Co pledge them with a kindly tear,
Co talk them o'er, to wish them bere, Co count their memories balf divine;

But if they came who past away, Behold their brides in other bands; Che bard beir strides about their lands, Fnd will not yield them for a day.

Zea, tho' their sons were none of these, Not less the yet-loved sire would make Confusion worse than death, and sbake Che pillars of domestic peace.

## IN MEMORIHM

Hh dear, but come thou back to me:
(ubatever change the years have wrought, I. find not yet one lonely thought Cbat cries against my wísh for thee.

XCI
Wuben rosy plumelets tuft the larch, Hnd rarely pipes the mounted tbrusb; Or underneath the barren bush flits by the sea-blue bird of March;

Come, wear the form by which I know Chy spirit in time among thy peers; Che bope of unaccomplish'd years Be large and lucid round thy brow.

CWhen summer's bourly-mellowing change May breathe, with many roses sweet, Upon the thousand waves of wheat, Chat ripple round the lonely grange;

## IN MEMORIHM

Come: not in watches of the night,
But where the sunbeam broodeth warm, Come, beauteous in thine after form, Hnd like a finer light in light.

XCII
If any vision should reveal
Chy likeness, I might count it vain
Hs but the canker of the brain; Yea, tho' it spake and made appeal

Co chances where our lots were cast
Cogether in the days bebind,
I might but say, I bear a wind Of memory murmuring the past.

Yea, tho' it spake and bared to view
H fact within the coming year:
And tho' the months, revolving near, Should prove the phantom warning true,

## IN MEMORIHM

Chey might not seem thy prophecies,
But spiritual presentiments, Hnd such refraction of events Hs often rises ere they rise.

XCIII
I sball not see thee. Dare I say No spirit ever brake the band Chat stays him from the native land Cubere first be walk'd when claspt in clay?

No visual shade of some one lost,
But be, the Spirit bimself, may come
Cubere all the nerve of sense is numb; Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost.

O, therefore from thy sightless range <aith gods in unconjectured bliss, O, from the distance of the abyss Of tenfold-complicated cbange,

## IN MEMORIHM

Descend, and touch, and enter; bear Cbe wish too strong for words to name; Chat in this blindness of the frame My Ghost may feel that thine is near.

## xCIV

How pure at beart and sound in bead,《lith what divine affections bold Should be the man whose thought would bold
Hn bour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
Che spirits from their golden day, Except, like them, thou too canst say, My spirit is at peace with all.

Chey baunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
Che memory like a cloudless air, Che conscience as a sea at rest :

## IN MEMORIHM

But when the beart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
Chey can but listen at the gates, Fnd bear the bousehold jar within.

## XCV

By night we linger'd on the lawn, for underfoot the berb was dry; And genial warmth; and o'er the sky Che silvery baze of summer drawn;

Find calm that let the tapers burn
Unwavering: not a cricket chirr'd:
Che brook alone far-off was beard, Find on the board the fluttering urn:

Fnd bats went round in fragrant skies,
And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes
Cbat baunt the dusk, with ermine capes Find woolly breasts and beaded eyes;

## IN MEMORIAM

Cabile now we sang old songs that peal'd from knoll to knoll, where, couch'd at case,
Che white kine glimmer'd, and the trees Laid their dark arms about the field.

But when those others, one by one, Kithdrew themselves from me and night, And in the bouse light after light Cuent out, and I was all alone,

A bunger seized my beart; I read Of that glad year which once had been, In those fall'n leaves which kept their green,
Che noble letters of the dead:

Fnd strangely on the silence broke
Che silent-speaking words, and strange <uas love's dumb cry defying change Co test his worth; and strangely spoke

## IN MEMORIAM

Che faith, the vigour, bold to dwell
On doubts that drive the coward back, Fnd keen thro' wordy snares to track Guggestion to ber immost cell.

So word by word, and line by line,
Che dead man touch'd me from the past, Find all at once it seem'd at last Che living soul was flasb'd on mine,

Find mine in this was wound, and whirl'd
Hbout empyreal beights of thought,
And came on that which is, and caught Che deep pulsations of the world,

Eonian music measuring out
Che steps of Címe-the shocks of Cbance-
Che blows of Death. Ht length miy trance
(das cancell'd, stricken thro' with doubt.

## IN MEMORIAM

Vague words! but ab, how bard to frame In matter-moulded forms of speech, Or ev'n for intellect to reach Cbro' memory that which I became:

Cill now the doubtful dusk reveal'd Cbe knolls once more where, couch'd at case,
Che white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field:

Fnd suck'd from out the distant gloom
H breeze began to tremble o'er
Che large leaves of the sycamore, Fnd fluctuate all the still perfume,

And gathering fresblier overbead,
Rock'd the full-foliaged elms and swung
Che beavy-folded rose, and flung
Che lilies to and fro and eaid

I know not; one indeed I knew In many a subtle question
versed.
Uno touched a jarring lyre at first.
But ever strove to make it true:

Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds. Ht last be beat his music out. Chere lives more faith in bonest doubt,

Belicre me than in half the creeds.


## IN MEMORIAM

'Che dawn, the dawn,' and died away; Fnd East and 《uest, without a breath, Mixt their dím lights, like life and death, Co broaden into boundless day.

## XCVI

You say, but with no toucb of scorn, Sweet-bearted, you, whose light-blue eyes Hre tender over drowning flies, You tell me doubt is Devil-born.

I know not: one indeed I knew
In many a subtle question versed abo touched a jarring lyre at first, But ever strove to make it true :

Derplext in faith, but pure in deeds, Ht last he beat his music out.
Chere lives more faith in bonest doubt, Believe me, than in balf the creeds.

## IN MEMORIHM

Ne fought his doubts and gather'd strength, De would not make bis judgment blind, Se faced the spectres of the mind And laid them: thus be came at length

Co find a stronger faith his own;
Find power was with bim in the nigbt, Kubich makes the darkness and the light, Find dwells not in the light alone,

But in the darkness and the cloud, Hs over Sinai's peaks of old, cabile Israel made their gods of gold, Hltho' the trumpet blew so loud.

## xCVII

My love has talk'd with rocks and trees;
We finds on misty mountain-ground
Bis own vast shadow glory-crown'd; We sees himself in all be sees.

## IN MEMORIHM

Cwo partners of a married life-
I. look'd on these and thougbt of thee

In vastness and in mystery,
Find of $m y$ spirit as of a wife.

Chese two-they dwelt with eye on eye, Cheir bearts of old bave beat in tune, Cheir meetings made December June, Cbeir every parting was to die.

Cheir love bas never passed away;
Che days she never can forget
Hre earnest that be loves ber yet, Cubate'er the faithless people say.

Wer life is lone, be sits apart,
De loves ber yet, she will not weep,
Cho' rapt in matters dark and deep We seems to slight her simple beart.

## IN MEMORIHM

Se thrids the labyrinth of the mind,
ne reads the secret of the star,
De seems so near and yet so far, ne looks so cold: she thinks bim kind.

She keeps the gift of years before, H wither'd violet is ber bliss:
She knows not what his greatness is, for that, for all, she loves him more.
for bim she plays, to him she sings
Of early faith and plighted vows;
She knows but matters of the bouse, Find be, be knows a thousand things.

Der faith is fixt and cannot move,
She darkly feels him great and wise,
She dwells on bim with faithful eyes, 'I cannot understand: I love.'

## IN MEMORIHM

## XCVIII

You leave us: you will see the Rhine, Fnd those fair bills I sail'd below, UWen I was there with bim; and go $B y$ summer belts of wheat and vine

Co where be breathed his latest breath, Chat City. Hil her splendour seems No livelier than the wisp that gleams On Lethe in the eyes of Death.

Let ber great Danube rolling fair Enwind ber isles, unmark'd of me: I bave not seen, I will not see Vienna; rather dream that there,

H treble darkness, Evil baunts Che birth, the bridal; friend from friend
Is oftener parted, fathers bend Hbove more graves, a thousand wants

## IN MEMORIAM

Gnarr at the beels of men, and prey
By each cold bearth, and sadness flings
Der shadow on the blaze of kings: Hnd yet myself have beard him say,

Chat not in any motber town
With statelier progress to and fro
Che double tides of chariots flow
By park and suburb under brown

Of lustier leaves; nor more content,
De told me, líves in any crowd, uaben all is gay with lamps, and loud With sport and song, in booth and tent,

Imperial balls, or open plain;
Hnd wheels the circled dance, and breaks
Che rocket molten into flakes
Of crimson or in emerald rain.

## IN MEMORIHM

XCIX
Risest thou thus, dim dawn, again, So loud with voices of the birds, So thick with lowings of the berds, Day, when I lost the flower of men;

《ubo tremblest thro' thy darkling red On yon swoll'n brook that bubbles fast By meadows breathing of the past, Fnd woodlands holy to the dead;

Cubo murmurest in the foliaged eaves H song that slights the coming care, Hnd Rutumn laying bere and there A fiery finger on the leaves;

Cabo wakenest with thy balmy breath
Co myriads on the genial earth,
Memories of bridal, or of birth
And unto myriads more, of deatb.

## IN MEMORIHM

O wheresoever those may be,
Betwixt the slumber of the poles,
Co-day they count as kindred souls; Chey know me not, but mourn with me.

C

I climb the bill: from end to end Of all the landscape underneath, I find no place that does not breathe Some gracious memory of my friend;

No gray old grange, or lonely fold,
Or low morass and whispering reed, Or simple stile from mead to mead, Or sheepwalk up the windy wold;

Nor hoary knoll of asb and baw
Chat bears the latest linnet trill,
Nor quarry trenched along the bill Find baunted by the wrangling daw;

## IN MEMORIHM

Nor runlet tinkling from the rock;
Nor pastoral rivulet that swerves
Co left and right thro' meadowy curves, Chat feed the mothers of the flock;

But each bas pleased a kindred eye,
And each reflects a kindlier day;
Hnd, leaving these, to pass away,
I think once more be seems to die.

## CI

Unwatch'd, the garden bough shall sway,
Che tender blossom flutter down,
Unloved, that beech will gather brown,
Chis maple burn itself away;

Unloved, the sun-flower, shining fair,
Ray round with flames ber disk of seed,
And many a rose-carnation feed
Clith summer spice the bumming air;

## IN MEMORIHM

Unloved, by many a sandy bar, Che brook shall babble down the plain, At noon or when the lesser wain
Is twisting round the polar star;

Uncared for, gird the windy grove, Fnd flood the baunts of hern and crake; Or into sílver arrows break Che sailing moon in creek and cove;

Cill from the garden and the wild H fresh association blow, And year by year the landscape grow familiar to the stranger's child;

Hs year by year the labourer tills
Fis wonted glebe, or lops the glades;
And year by year our memory fades from all the circle of the bills.

## IN MEMORIHM

CII
<ue leave the well-beloved place
Cubere first we gazed upon the sky;
Che roofs, that beard our earliest cry, Kuill shelter one of stranger race.

《ue go, but ere we go from bome,
Hs down the garden-walks I move,
Cwo spirits of a diverse love
Contend for loving masterdom.

One whispers, 'Dere thy boyhood sung Long since its matin song, and beard
Che low love-language of the bird In native bazels tassel-bung:'

Che other answers, 'Yea, but bere Chy feet bave stray'd in after bours <uith thy lost friend among the bowers, Fnd this bath made them trebly dear.'

## IN MEMORIHM

Chese two bave striven balf the day,
Hnd each prefers his separate claim,
poor rivals in a losing game,
Chat will not yield each other way.

I turn to go: my feet are set
Co leave the pleasant fields and farms;
Co mix in one another's arms
Co one pure image of regret.

CIII
On that last night before we went
from out the doors where I was bred,
I dream'd a vision of the dead, ubich left my after-morn content.

Methought I dwelt within a ball,
Hnd maidens with me: distant bills
from bidden summits fed with rills A river sliding by the wall.

## IN MEMORIHM

Che hall with harp and carol rang.
Chey sang of what is wise and good Hnd graceful. In the centre stood H statue veil'd, to which they sang;

Fnd which, tho' veil'd, was known to me, Che shape of him I loved, and love for ever: then flew in a dove Find brought a summons from the sea:

Hnd when they learnt that I must go
Chey wept and wail'd, but led the way
Co where a little sballop lay, Ht anchor in the flood below:

Fnd on by many a level mead,
Hind shadowing bluff that made the banks,
une glided winding under ranks Of iris, and the golden reed;

## IN MEMORIHM

Fnd still as paster grew the shore
Hnd roll'd the floods in grander space,
Che maidens gather'd strength and grace Fnd presence, lordlier than before;

And I myself, who sat apart
Fnd watch'd them, wax'd in every limb;
I felt the thews of Anakim, Che pulses of a Citan's beart ;

Fs one would sing the death of war,
And one would chant the history Of that great race, which is to be, Fnd one the shaping of the star;

Ontil the forward-creeping tides
Began to foam, and we to draw
from deep to deep, to where we saw A great ship lift ber shining sides.

## IN MEMORIHM

Che man we loved was there on deck, But thrice as large as man be bent Co greet us. Up the side I went, Fnd fell in silence on bis neck:

Cabereat those maidens with one mind Bewail'd their lot; I did them wrong: 'cue served thee bere,' they said, 'so long, Fnd wilt thou leave us now bebind ?'

So wrapt I was, they could not win An answer from my lips, but be Replying, 'Enter líkewise ye Find go with us:' they enter'd in.

Fnd while the wind began to sweep H music out of sbeet and sbroud,
《Ue steer'd ber toward a crímson cloud Cbat landlike swept along the deep.

## IN MEMORIHM

## CIV

Che time draws near the birth of Christ:
Che moon is hid, the night is still;
A single church below the hill
Is pealing, folded in the mist.
A síngle peal of bells below,
Chat wakens at this bour of rest
H single murmur in the breast, Chat these are not the bells I know.

Like strangers' woices bere they sound,
In lands where not a memory strays,
Nor landmark breathes of other days,
But all is new unballow'd ground.

## CV

Co-night ungather'd let us leave
Chís laurel, let this bolly stand:
une live within the stranger's land,
Hnd strangely falls our Cbrístmas-eve.

## IN MEMORIHM

Our father's dust is left alone And silent under other snows:
Chere in due time the woodbine blows, Che violet comes, but we are gone.

No more shall wayward grief abuse
Che genial bour with mask and mime;
for change of place, like growth of time, Das broke the bond of dying use.

Let cares that petty sbadows cast, By which our lives are chiefly proved, A little spare the night I loved, And bold it solemn to the past.

But let no footstep beat the floor,
Nor bowl of wassail mantle warm;
for who would keep an ancient form Cbro' which the spirit breathes no more?

## IN MEMORIHM

Be neither song, nor game, nor feast; Nor harp be touch'd, nor flute be blown; No dance, no motion, save alone Uubat lightens in the lucid east

Of rising worlds by yonder wood. L.ong sleeps the summer in the seed; Run out your measured arcs, and lead Che closing cycle rich in good.

## CVI

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
Che flying cloud, and frosty light:
Che year is dying in the nigbt;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, bappy bells, across the snow:
Che year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky.
Che flying cloud, the
frosty light:
Che year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild betts, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in
the new.
Ring, bappy belto, acrose the snow:
Che ycar is going, let bim go; Ring out the falee, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
for thooc that bere we sce no more:
Ring out the feud of rich and poor.
Ring in redress to all mankind.

## IN MEMORIHM

Ring out the grief that saps the mind, for those that bere we see no more; Ring out the feud of rich and poor, Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause, Hnd ancient forms of party strife; Ring in the nobler modes of life, Clith sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
Che faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes, But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and rigbt, Ring in the common love of good.

## IN MEMORIHM

Ring out old shapes of foul disease; Ring out the narrowing lust of gold; Ring out the thousand wars of old, Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free, Che larger beart, the kindlier band; Ring out the darkness of the land, Ring in the Cbrist that is to be.

CVII
It is the day when be was born,
H bitter day that early sank
Behind a purple-frosty bank Of vapour, leaving night forlorn.

Che time admits not flowers or leaves
Co deck the banquet. fiercely flies Che blast of North and East, and ice Makes daggers at the sharpen'd eaves,

## IN MEMORIAM

And bristles all the brakes and thorns Co yon bard crescent, as she bangs Hbove the wood which grides and clangs Its leafless ribs and iron borns

Cogether, in the drifts that pass Co darken on the rolling brine
Chat breaks the coast. But fetch the wine, Arrange the board and brim the glass;

Bring in great loge and let them lie, Co make a solid core of heat; Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat Of all things ev'n as be were by;

Cue keep the day. With festal cheer, Cuith books and music, surely we Cuill drink to bim, whate'er be be, Find sing the songs be loved to hear.

## IN MEMORIAM

## CVIII

I will not shut me from my kind,
Hnd, lest I stiffen into stone,
I, will not eat my beart alone, Nor feed with sigbs a passing wind:

Cubat profit lies in barren faith,
And vacant yearning, tho' with migbt
Co scale the beaven's bigbest beight, Or dive below the wells of Death ?

Cuhat find I in the bighest place,
But mine own phantom chanting bymns?
And on the depths of death there swims Che reflex of a buman face.

I'll rather take what fruit may be
Of sorrow under buman skies:
'Cís beld that sorrow makes us wise, Cubatever wisdom sleep with thee.

## IN MEMORIHM

## CIX

Beart-affluence in discursive talk
from bousebold fountains never dry;
Che critic clearness of an eye, Chat saw thro' all the Muses' walk;

Seraphic intellect and force
Co seize and throw the doubts of man;
Impassion'd logic, which outran Che bearer in its fiery course:

Bigh nature amorous of the good,
But touch'd with no ascetic gloom;
And passion pure in snowy bloom Cbro' all the years of April blood;

H love of freedom rarely felt,
Of freedom in ber regal seat
Of England; not the schoolboy beat, Che blind bysterics of the Celt ;

## IN MEMORIHM

And manbood fused with female grace In such a sort, the child would twine A trustful band, unask'd, in thine, Fnd find bis comfort in thy face;

Hll these bave been, and thee mine eyes Save look'd on: if they look'd in vain, My shame is greater who remain, Nor let thy wisdom make me wise.

## CX

Chy converse drew us with delight,
Che men of rathe and riper years:
Che feeble soul, a baunt of fears, forgot his weakness in thy sigbt.

On thee the loyal-hearted bung,
Che proud was balf disarm'd of pride, Nor cared the serpent at thy side Co flicker with bis double tongue.

## IN MEMORIAM

Che stern were mild when thou wert by, Che flippant put bimself to school Hind beard thee, and the brazen fool ulas soften'd and be knew not why;

Wbile I, thy nearest, sat apart, And felt thy triumph was as mine; Find loved them more, that they were thine,
Che graceful tact, the Cbristian art ;

Nor mine the sweetness or the skill, But mine the love that will not tire, Hnd, born of love, the vague desire Chat spurs an imitative will.

## CXI

Che churl in spirit, up or down
Hlong the scale of ranks thro' all, Co him who grasps a golden ball, By blood a king, at beart a clown;

## IN MEMORIAM

Che churl in spirit, bowe'er be veil
Dis want in forms for fashion's sake, Kaill let his coltish nature break Ht seasons thro' the gilded pale:
for who can always act? but be,
Co whom a thousand memories call,
Not being less but more than all
Che gentleness be seem'd to be,

Best seem'd the thing be was, and join'd Each office of the social hour
Co noble manners, as the flower Hnd native growth of noble mind;

Nor ever narrowness or spite,
Or villain fancy fleeting by,
Drew in the expression of an eye, unbere God and Nature met in light;

## IN MEMORIAM

Hnd thus be bore without abuse Che grand old name of gentleman, Defamed by every charlatan, And soil'd with all ignoble use.

CXII
Digh wisdom bolds my wisdom less,
Chat I, who gaze with temperate eyes On glorious insufficiencies, Set light by narrower perfectness.

But thou, that fillest all the room Of all my love, art reason why
I seem to cast a careless eye
On souls, the lesser lords of doom.
for what wert thou? some novel power Sprang up for ever at a touch, And hope could never hope too much, In watching thee from bour to hour,

## IN MEMORIAM

L arge elements in order brought, Fnd tracts of calm from tempest made, Hnd world-wide fluctuation sway'd In vassal tides that follow'd thougbt.

## CXIII

'Cis beld that sorrow makes us wise;
Yet bow much wisdom sleeps with thee
aubich not alone bad guided me, But served the seasons that may rise;
for can I, doubt, that knew thee keen
In intellect, with force and skill
Co strive, to fashion, to fulfil -
I doubt not what thou wouldst have been;

月 life in civic action warm,
H soul on bighest mission sent, H potent voice of Parliament,
H pillar steadfast in the storm,

## IN MEMORIHM

Should licensed boldness gather force， Becoming，when the time bas birth， A lever to uplift the earth Fnd roll it in another course，

Uith thousand shocks that come and go， Clith agonies，with energies， Clith overthrowings，and with cries， Find undulations to and fro．

CXIV
《Who loves not Knowledge？《Who shall rail Hgainst ber beauty？May she mix （aith men and prosper！《ubo shall fix Der pillars？Let ber work prevail．

But on ber forebead sits a fire：
She sets ber forward countenance Fnd leaps into the future chance， Submitting all things to desire．

## IN MEMORIAM

Dalf-grown as yet, a child, and vain She cannot fight the fear of death. abat is she, cut from love and faith, But some wild Dallas from the brain

Of Demons ? fiery-hot to burst Hll barriers in ber onward race for power. Let ber know ber place: She is the second, not the first.

H bigher band must make ber mild, If all be not in vain; and guide Der footsteps, moving side by síde《uith wisdom, like the younger child:
for she is earthly of the mind,
But Kuisdom beavenly of the soul.
$O$, friend, who camest to thy goal So early, leaving me bebind,

## IN MEMORIAM

I, would the great world grow like thee, cubo grewest not alone in power And knowledge, but by year and bour In reverence and in charity.

## CXY

Now fades the last long streak of snow, Now burgeons every maze of quick Hbout the flowering squares, and thick By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long, Che distance takes a lovelier bue, And drown'd in yonder living blue Che lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea, Che flocks are whiter down the vale, And milkier every milky saíl On winding stream or distant sea;

## IN MEMORIAM

Uubere now the seamew pipes or dives In yonder greening gleam, and fly Che bappy birds that change their sky Co build and brood; that live their lives
from land to land; and in my breast Spring wakens too; and my regret Becomes an Hpríl violet, Fnd buds and blossoms like the rest.

CXVI
Is it, then, regret for buried time
Chat keenlier in sweet Hpril wakes,
Fnd meets the year, and gives and takes Che colours of the crescent prime?

Not all: the songs, the stirring air,
Che life, re-orient out of dust,
Cry thro' the sense to bearten trust In that which made the world so fair.


## IN MEMORIHM

Not all regret: the face will shine
Upon me, while I muse alone;
Hnd that dear voice, I once bave known, Still speak to $m e$, of $m e$ and mine:

Yet less of sorrow lives in me
for days of happy commune dead; Less yearning for the friendship fled, Chan some strong bond which is to be.

CXVII
O days and bours, your work is this;
Co hold me from $m y$ proper place, H little while from bis embrace, for fuller gain of after bliss:

Chat out of distance might ensue
Desire of nearness doubly sweet:
And unto meeting when we meet, Delight a bundredfold accrue,

## IN MEMORIAM

for every grain of sand that runs, Find every span of shade that steals, Hnd every kiss of toothed wheels.
Hind all the courses of the suns.

CXVIIII
Contemplate all this work of Cime, Che giant labouring in bis youth; Nor dream of buman love and truth, Hs dying Nature's earth and lime;

But trust that those we call the dead Hre breathers of an ampler day for ever nobler ends. Chey say, Che solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent beat began,
And grew to seeming-random forms, Che seeming prey of cyclic storms, Cill at the last arose the man;

## IN MEMORIHM

Cubo throve and branch'd from clime to clime,
Che berald of a bigher race, And of himself in bigher place,
If so be type this work of time

Ulithin bimself, from more to more, Or, crown'd with attributes of woe
Like glories, move bis course, and show Chat life is not an idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom, Hnd beated bot with burning fears, Fnd dipt in baths of bissing tears, Hnd batter'd with the shocks of doom

Co shape and use. Hrise and fly Che reeling faun, the sensual feast; Move upward, working out the beast, Fnd let the ape and tiger die.

## IN MEMORIHM

## CXIX

Doors, where my heart was used to beat So quickly, not as one that weeps I come once more; the city sleeps; I smell the meadow in the street;

I bear a chirp of birds; I see
Betwixt theblack fronts long-withdrawn A ligbt-blue lane of early dawn,
Find think of early days and thee,
Fnd bless thee, for thy lips are bland, And bright the friendship of thine eye; And in my thoughts with scarce a sigh I take the pressure of thine hand.
cxx
I trust I have not wasted breath:
I think we are not wholly brain, Magnetic mockeries; not in vain, Like Daul with beast, I fought with Death;

## IN MEMORIAM

Not only cunning casts in clay:
Let Science prove we are, and then abat matters Science unto men, Ht least to me? I would not stay.

Let bim, the wiser man who springs Dereafter, up from chíldhood shape Dis action, like the greater ape, But I was born to other things.

CXXI
Sad Desper o'er the buried sun And ready, thou, to die with bim, Chou watchest all things ever dim Fnd dimmer, and a glory done:

Che team is loosen'd from the wain, Che boat is drawn upon the shore;
Chou listenest to the closing door, And life is darken'd in the brain.

## IN MEMORIAM

Bright Phosphor, fresher for the night, By thee the world's great work is beard Beginning, and the wakeful bird; Behind thee comes the greater light:

Che market boat is on the stream, Fnd voices bail it from the brink; Chou bear'st the village bammer clink, And see'st the moving of the team.

Sweet Пesper-Ohosphor, double name for what is one, the first, the last, Chou, like my present and my past, Chy place is changed; thou art the same.

CXXII
O, wast thou with me, dearest, then, cabile I, rose up against $m y$ doom, Hnd yearn'd to burst the folded gloom, Co bare the eternal Deavens again,

## IN MEMORIHM

> Co feel once more in placid awe, Che strong ímagination roll A sphere of stars about my soul, In all ber motion one with law;

If thou wert with me, and the grave
Divide us not, be with me now,
And enter in at breast and brow, Cill all my blood, a fuller wave,

Be quicken'd with a livelier breath,
And like an inconsíderate boy, Hs in the former flash of joy, I slip the thoughts of life and death;

And all the breeze of fancy blows, And every dew-drop paints a bow,
Che wizard lightnings deeply glow, And every thought breaks out a rose.

## IN MEMORIHM

## CXXIII

Chere rolls the deep where grew the tree. O earth, what changes hast thou seen! Cherewhere the longstreetroars, bathbeen Che stillness of the central sea.

Che bills are shadows, and they flow
from form to form, and nothing stands;
Chey melt like mist, the solid lands, Like clouds they sbape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,
Hnd dream my dream, and bold it true;
for tho' my lips may breathe adieu, I cannot think the thing farewell.

CXXIV
Chat which we dare invoke to bless;
Our dearest faith; our ghastliest doubt;
De, Chey, One, Hll; within, without;
Cbe power in darkness whom we guess;

## IN MEMORIAM

I found bim not in world or sun, Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye; Nor thro' the questions men may try, Cbe petty cobwebs we bave spun:

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,
I heard a voice 'believe no more'
And beard an ever-breaking shore Chat tumbled in the Godless deep;

H warmth within the breast would melt
Che freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the beart Stood up and answered 'I bave felt.'

No, like a child in doubt and fear:
But that blind clamour made me wise;
Chen was I as a child that cries, But, crying, knows his father near;

## IN MEMORIHM

Fnd what I am bebeld again <uhat is, and no man understands; And out of darkness came the bands Chat reach thro' nature, moulding men.

CXXV
cubatever I have said or sung, Some bitter notes my harp would give, Yea, tho' there often seem'd to live $H$ contradiction on the tongue,

Yet Bope had never lost ber youth; She did but look through dimmer eyes; Or Love but play'd with gracious lies, Because be felt so fix'd in truth:

And if the song were full of care,
$\overline{\mathrm{D}}$ e breathed the spirit of the song;
Hnd if the words were sweet and strong De set his royal signet there;

## IN MEMORIHM

Hbiding with me till I sail Co seek thee on the mystic deeps, Hnd this electric force, that keeps H thousand pulses dancing, fail.

## cxxyI

Love is and was my Lord and King,
Hnd in bis presence I attend
Co hear the tidings of my friend, auhich every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my King and Lord, Fnd will be, tho' as yet I keep
Cuithin bis court on earth, and sleep Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

Fnd bear at times a sentinel
Cubo moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well.

## IN MEMORIAM

## CXXVII

Hnd all is well, tho' faith and form Be sunder'd in the night of fear; cuell roars the storm to those that hear H deeper poíce across the storm,

Droclaiming social truth shall spread,
Hnd justice, ev'n tho' thrice again
Che red fool-fury of the Seine Should pile her barricades with dead.

But ill for him that wears a crown, And bím, the lazar, in his rags:
Chey tremble, the sustaining crags; Che spires of ice are toppled down,

Find molten up, and roar in flood;
Che fortress crashes from on bigh,
Che brute earth lightens to the sky, Hnd the great 压on sinks in blood,

## IN MEMORIHM

Fnd compass'd by the fires of Ђell ; Cubile thou, dear spirit, happy star, O'erlook'st the tumult from afar, Hnd smilest, knowing all is well.

## CXXVIII

Che love that rose on stronger wings, Unpalsied when be met with Death, Is comrade of the lesser faith Chat sees the course of buman things.

No doubt vast eddies in the flood Of onward time sball yet be made, Fnd throned races may degrade; Yet O ye mysteries of good,

Cuild Bours that fly with Bope and fear, If all your office bad to do Uith old results that look like new; If this were all your mission bere,

## IN MEMORIAM

Co draw, to sheathe a useless sword, Co fool the crowd with glorious lies, To cleave a creed in sects and cries, Co change the bearing of a word,

Co shift an arbitrary power, Co cramp the student at his desk, Co make old bareness picturesque Hnd tuft with grass a feudal tower;

Cuhy then my scorn might well descend On you and yours. I see in part Cbat all, as in some piece of art, Is toil co-operant to an end.

## $\operatorname{cxxIX}$

Dear fríend, far off, my lost desíre, So far, 80 near in woe and weal; O loved the most, when most I feel Cbere is a lower and a bigher;


## IN MEMORIAM

Known and unknown; buman, divine; Sweet buman band and lips and eye;
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die, Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine;

Strange friend, past, present, and to be;
Loved deeplier, darklier understood;
Bebold, I dream a dream of good, Find mingle all the world with thee.

## cxxx

Chy woice is on the rolling air;
I bear thee where the waters run;
Chou standest in the rising sun, Fnd in the setting thou art fair.

Cubat art thou then? I cannot guess;
But tho' I seem in star and flower
Co feel thee some diffusive power, I do not therefore love thee less:

## IN MEMORIHM

My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now;
Cho' mix'd with God and Nature thou, I seem to love thee more and more.
far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I. have thee still and I, rejoice;

I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

CXXXI
O living will that sbalt endure
KUhen all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock, flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

Chat we may lift from out of dust
H voice as unto him that bears,
H cry above tbe conquer'd years
Co one that with us works, and trust,

## IN MEMORIHM

(With faith that comes of self-control, Che truths that never can be proved Until we close with all we loved, Hnd all we flow from, soul in soul.

O true and tried, so well and long, Demand not thou a marriage lay; In that it is thy marriage day Is music more than any song.

Nor have I felt so much of bliss Since first be told me that be loved A daughter of our bouse; nor proved Sínce that dark day a day líke this ;

Cho' I since then bave number'd o'er Some thrice three years: they went and came,
Remade the blood and changed the frame, Fnd yet is love not less, but more;

## IN MEMORIHM

Nor longer caring to embalm
In dying songs a dead regret, But líke a statue solid set, Fnd moulded in colossal calm.

Regret is dead, but love is more
Cban in the summers that are flown,
for I myself with these bave grown Co something greater than before;

Ubich makes appear the songs I made
Hs echoes out of weaker times,
Hs half but idle brawling rhymes,
Che sport of random sun and shade.

But where is she, the bridal flower,
Chat must be made a wife ere noon?
She enters, glowing like the moon Of Eden on its bridal bower:

## IN MEMORIHM

On me she bends ber blissful eyes Find then on thee; they meet thy look And brighten like the star that shook Betwixt the palms of paradise.

O when ber life was yet in bud,
he too foretold the perfect rose. for thee she grew, for thee she grows for ever and as fair as good.

And thou art worthy; full of power; Hs gentle; líberal-minded, great, Consistent; wearing all that weight Of learning lightly like a flower.

But now set out: the noon is near,
Find I must give away the bride;
She fears not, or with thee beside Find me behind ber, will not fear.

## IN MEMORIAM

for I that danced her on my knee,
Chat watch'd ber on ber nurse's arm, Chat shíelded all ber life from barm, At last must part with ber to thee:

Now waiting to be made a wife,
Eer feet, my darling, on the dead;
Cheir pensíve tablets round ber head, And the most living words of life

Breathed in ber ear. Che ring is on, Che 'wilt thou' answer'd, and again Che 'wilt thou' ask'd, till out of twain Der sweet 'I will' has made you one.

Now sign your names, which shall be read,
Mute symbols of a joyful morn,
By village eyes as yet unborn;
Che names are sign'd, and overbead

## IN MEMORIAM

Begins the clash and clang that tells
Che joy to every wandering breeze;
Che blind wall rocks, and on the trees
Che dead leaf trembles to the bells.

O bappy bour, and bappier hours Hwait them. Many a merry face
Salutes them-maidens of the place, Chat pelt us in the porch with flowers.

O bappy bour, behold the bride
Cuith him to whom ber band I gave.
Chey leave the porch, they pass the grave Cbat has to-day its sumny side.

Co-day the grave is bright for me, for them the light of life increased, <abo stay to share the morning feast, uabo rest to-night beside the sea.

## IN MEMORIAM

Let all my genial spirits advance
Co meet and greet a whiter sun; My drooping memory will not shun Che foaming grape of eastern france.

It circles round, and fancy plays,
And bearts are warm'd and faces bloom, Hs drinking bealth to bride and groom une wisb them store of happy days.

Nor count me all to blame, if I
Conjecture of a stiller guest,
Perchance, perchance, among the rest, And, tho' in silence, wishing joy.

But they must go, the time draws on, And those white-favour'd borses wait;
Chey rise, but linger; it is late;
farewell, we kiss, and they are gone.

## IN MEMORIHM

H shade falls on us like the dark from little cloudlets on the grass,
But sweeps away as out we pass Co range the woods, to roam the park,

Discussing bow their courtship grew, Hnd talk of other's that are wed, Hnd bow she look'd, and what be said, Hid back we come at fall of dew.

Hgain the feast, the speech, the glee,
Che sbade of passing thought, the wealth
Of words and wit, the double bealth, Che crowning cup, the three-timee-three,

Find last the dance;-till I retire:
Dumb is that tower which spake so loud, And bigh in beaven the streaming cloud, Fnd on the downs a rising fire:

## IN MEMORIHM

Hid rise, O moon, from yonder down, Cíll over down and over dale Hll nigbt the shining vapour sail Fnd pass the silent-ligbted town,

Che white-faced balls, the glancing rills, Find catch at every mountaín bead, Hnd o'er the frithe that branch and spread
Cheir sleeping silver thro' the bills;

Fnd touch with sbade the bridal doors, (uith tender gloom the roof, the wall; And breaking let the splendour fall Co spangle all the bappy sbores

By which they rest, and ocean sounds, Hnd, star and system rolling past, H soul shall draw from out the vast And strike bis being into bounds,

## IN MEMORIAM

And, moved thro' life of lower phase, Result in man, be born and think, And act and love, a closer link Betwixt us and the crowning race

Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
On knowledge; under whose command
Is Earth and Earth's, and in their band Is Nature like an open book;

No longer balf-akin to brute,
for all we thought and loved and did,
And boped, and suffer'd, is but seed Of what in them is flower and fruit;

Cubereof the man that with me trod
Chis planet, was a noble type
Hppearing ere the times were ripe,
Chat friend of mine who lives in God,

## IN MEMORIAM

Chat God, which ever lives and loves, One God, one law, one element, Fnd one far-off divine event,
Co which the whole creation moves.

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